



Prelude

I would like to stand amid empty shadows, because the world damages my senses cruelly and life afflicts me, impertinent lover whispering bitter stories.

By then my memories will have abandoned me: now they flee and return with a rhythm of indefatigable waves and they are howling wolves in the night that shrouds the desert of snow.

Movement, disturbed symbol of reality, respects my fantastic asylum; so I will have scaled it with death at my arm. She is a white Beatrice, and, standing on the crescent of the moon, she will visit the sea of my pain. Under her spell I will repose forever and no longer lament offended beauty or impossible love.